

Good Friday in Quarantine

In the Boer War,
men ate pulverized beef
from tin cans:
crush a cow,
Save the queen.
Or something like that.

Those men were suckers;
the cows, even more.
When has a martyr ever
died for something
worth death?

I'm saving lives at home,
Nobly scrolling through
cyberspace and learning
useless trivia about
the world we've lost:

that war rations have improved
in the past one hundred years
and rhinoceros sweat is red
and polar bear attacks are
common in Svalbard and
even astronauts masturbate
in space and fuck, I miss

my boyfriend, miss when
his face is so close to mine
it's both central and periphery:
my darling solar eclipse.
I like the earth best
when I can't see it.

Yes, I know it could be
worse. At least my lungs don't
look like crushed birthday
balloons and at least I'm not
eating potted meat because
her majesty wants a new country.

But sometimes I get an itch

in my throat and wonder if
the end's inching near; if so,
there's a man on whom I'd
like to retch my last dying
breath: you know who I mean.

But survival would mean
prison, and I don't think I
could handle a monochrome
closet or a twin-sized bed.
I need open spaces. Jesus wept

in Gethsemane, but I
would've run. No creamed
cow for me. This is what
the Son of God died for:
not my sins, but for
my chocolate eggs and
marshmallow Peeps, for
quiet nights at home while
sirens wash my windows blue.